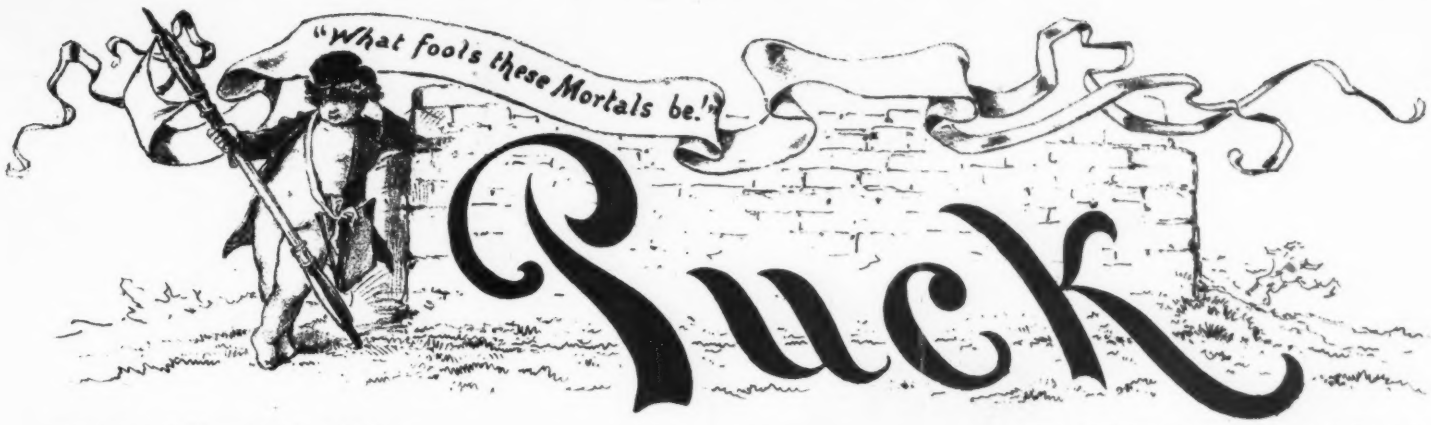
VOL. XXVII.—No. 685. NEW YORK, APRIL 23, 1890. PRICE, TEN CENTS.



KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN, Publishers. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN. PUCK BUILDING, Cor. Houston & Mulberry Sts.

ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, AND ADMITTED FOR TRANSMISSION THROUGH THE MAILS AT SECOND-CLASS RATES.

STOLEN SENATORSHIPS RECIEVED HERE.

MANDELBAUM INGALLS

Rep. SENATOR from MONTANA

SENATE

HOAR

IN & C WITH THE MONTANA RETURNING BOARD

SENATOR

THE SENATORIAL "FENCE."

A Nice Business for Two Nice Old Gentlemen.

PUCK,

PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

The subscription price of Puck is $5.00 per year.
$2.50 for six months. $1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.
Keppler & Schwarzmann,
Publishers and Proprietors.
Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, April 23rd, 1890.—No. 685.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IF YOU will take up a copy of any newspaper published in a booming Western town, you will see announcements like these:

"Bonus of $25,000 for Shoe Factory."

"$10,000 a year guaranteed for 3 years to any responsible and experienced man who will start a Tannery in this town."

"Boomopolis will pay $20,000 for a first-class Brick Yard."

"The first Flour Mill in Boomopolis will corral just $50,000 bonus."

And this shows the way in which Boomopolis or any other town of its enterprising sort builds itself up. The small capitalist, whose means will not permit him to compete with richer men in the East, finds in the Western bonus, or guarantee, a safe means of embarking in his chosen trade without running too great a risk. His business is carried on at a loss for the first year or two; but the Boomopolis people make that loss good to him; for they know that he is helping to bring new settlers, and that new settlers mean increased business for the whole community.

* * *

It is a policy that pays. It has built up scores of prosperous Western towns, and led thousands of bright, active Eastern men to cast their fortunes with their Western brethren. It is a fair policy—fair to those who give and to those who receive assistance. It is a manly policy; for the help is extended but once to any one man; he has to prove that he deserves it, and when he ceases to need it, it is withdrawn. It is a business-like policy—if it is administered in a business-like fashion—as it has proved in its practical application. And it is a policy that seems to be thoroughly satisfactory to the citizens who are in the booming business.

* * *

Now suppose that a young theorist of advanced ideas should go to the Mayor of Boomopolis, (or whatever may be the title and position of the head man of the town,) and should say to him:

"Look here. I have a better scheme to increase the growth of the town than this bonus scheme can ever be. Shall I unfold it?"

The Mayor, being a man of receptive mind, with a toleration for new ideas, might be supposed to reply:

"Unfold."

Then suppose the young man to unfold as follows:

* * *

"Drop the bonus idea altogether. Make new business profitable by taxing outside sources of supply. Why should New York and Boston make a profit out of us? Let us make a profit out of them. If a man comes here selling shoes, tax his shoes five per cent. *ad valorem*, or ten per cent., or forty per cent., or fifty per cent., or three hundred per cent., or whatever may be necessary to make it impossible to compete with a Boomopolis shoemaker, no matter how small the demand for shoes may be. If a man wants to ship hides here from Chicago, put such a tax on his hides that the Boomopolis slaughter-house can undersell him and yet make a profit, even if it does n't sell a hundred hides a year.

* * *

"This system is bound to encourage home industry and to benefit local labor. If a man can get three times the outside price for his hides or for his shoes, of course he can afford to pay his workmen three times the price he would otherwise pay them. Hence, more money goes into circulation, and general prosperity is the result. Boomopolis must look out for its own interests. We want to buy goods from our own people, and not to put money into the pockets of Eastern manufacturers. If they want to bring their goods here and to try to undersell our people, just because their facilities are better, why, tax 'em till they can't. Boomopolis for Boomopolitans!"

* * *

And, supposing all this to have been said, we may naturally suppose the Mayor of Boomopolis to reply thus:

"Young man, you are an everlasting and irredeemable ass, and your theory is the foal of an ass. We don't want to make life in this town hard, we want to make it easy. We are not trying to make it an unattractive place to settlers; we are trying to make it a place where they will want to come. We are not trying to drive our citizens away; we are trying to keep them here. Who in thunder wants to live in a town where he has to pay three times as much for his shoes as he would have to pay in other towns? Where 's the attraction in paying thirty cents for a ten-cent loaf of bread?

"And as for the labor part of your scheme—young man, are you such a new-laid egg as to imagine that employers pay their employees in proportion to the prices they get for their goods? They pay them what they *have* to pay them, just the same as you pay what you *have* to pay for your clothes and your food. Profit-sharing may be an A 1 good arrangement; but it is n't general at present. Young man, your scheme is about as visionary and unbusiness-like and generally idiotic as any thing I ever heard of; and if it were adopted, I 'd resign and go and live in Russia. I 'd rather be bossed by a Czar than by a gang of monopolists. It costs less, in the long run. Now, git!"

* * *

That, or words to that effect, would be the answer of the Mayor of Boomopolis to any wild theorist who proposed to advance the business of Boomopolis by any such means. And yet this very same Mayor of Boomopolis, if it so happened that he were a Republican, would thus express his views on the question of protection and the desirability of a strictly home market—and would promptly go off, if it happened to be election-time, and vote for the party that has fastened upon the country, not as a matter of expediency, but as a matter of principle, the very system which he laughs to scorn when it is proposed that it shall be applied to his own town, where it will directly affect his own interests.

* * *

How true it is that that system is the mere shift of expediency and not the firm establishment of principle has never been better shown than in the last few weeks. The Republicans in Congress have undertaken to "revise" the customs tariff, which as a measure of safe and conservative government has furnished them with their one effective war-cry for the last twelve years. They have been brought to face the uncomfortable fact that the "revision" means only a re-distribution of governmental favors among influential political factors. They have found, for instance, that to levy a tax on hides is to antagonize the manufacturers of shoes; and that to help the growers of wool by the imposition of a prohibitive tariff on their product is to hurt the carpet-weavers and others, whose votes, with the votes of their employees, are no small factor in the strength of their own party.

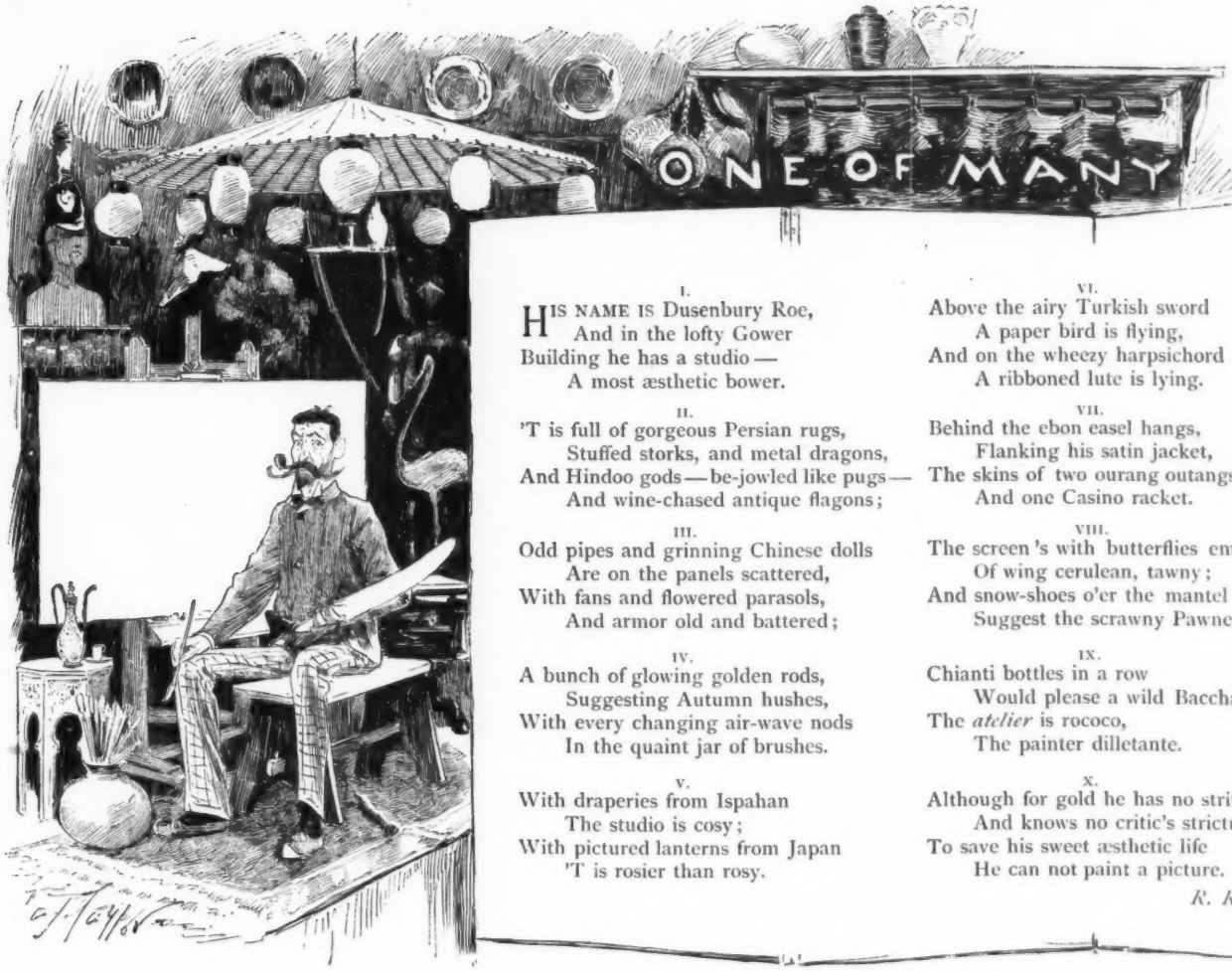
* * *

In fact, the Republicans find themselves committed to the policy which the Mayor of Boomopolis would reject—and they have accepted the policy not as a policy pure and simple, but as a solid and enduring principle—something to swear by; to live by; to die by. Now you can swear by a principle; live by it and die by it, if you are brave enough. It is something inflexible, established, solid, enduring. But a policy is quite another affair. And if any one cares to see a party trying to make a policy do the work of a principle, let him watch the Republican majority in Congress backing and filling, turning this way and that, going forward and backward, in its wild endeavors to make its artificial and antiquated system of tariff taxation conform to the new necessities of the present time.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES.

NEPTUNE.—Hello! what are you doing down here?

SEASIDE HOTEL PROPRIETOR.—Came down to see if you 've got any thing new or startling in the line of sea-serpents.



I.

HIS NAME IS Dusenbury Roe,
And in the lofty Gower
Building he has a studio —
A most æsthetic bower.

II.

'T is full of gorgeous Persian rugs,
Stuffed storks, and metal dragons,
And Hindoo gods — be-jowled like pugs —
And wine-chased antique flagons;

III.

Odd pipes and grinning Chinese dolls
Are on the panels scattered,
With fans and flowered parasols,
And armor old and battered;

IV.

A bunch of glowing golden rods,
Suggesting Autumn hushes,
With every changing air-wave nods
In the quaint jar of brushes.

V.

With draperies from Ispahan
The studio is cosy;
With pictured lanterns from Japan
'T is rosier than rosy.

VI.

Above the airy Turkish sword
A paper bird is flying,
And on the wheezy harpsichord
A ribboned lute is lying.

VII.

Behind the ebon easel hangs,
Flanking his satin jacket,
The skins of two ourang outangs,
And one Casino racket.

VIII.

The screen 's with butterflies embossed,
Of wing cerulean, tawny;
And snow-shoes o'er the mantel crossed
Suggest the scrawny Pawnee.

IX.

Chianti bottles in a row
Would please a wild Bacchante —
The *atelier* is rococo,
The painter dilletante.

X.

Although for gold he has no strife,
And knows no critic's stricture,
To save his sweet æsthetic life
He can not paint a picture.

R. K. M.

MELANCHOLY, EVEN SAD.

AMERICA IS A GREAT COUNTRY. Entire originality is not claimed for this remark, but it may be made the basis of a further remark that, great as we are, there are still one or two things in which the effete monarchical countries have the better of us.

The particular instance I have in mind is the fact that our language contains not a single word of polite address to a stranger. We have, indeed, inherited in its entirety the true British attitude toward strangers — dumb reserve.

The languages of Europe abound in terms of polite — excruciatingly polite — terms of address to strangers; even the phlegmatic Teuton, desiring to attract your attention, is able to make the initial assault upon your tympanum with a gracious-sounding "Mein Herr."

But the citizen of this great and enlightened republic, with a language in other walks of life so developed that he can gloss over and make respectable a plain every-day case of jim-jams by alluding to it as "ophidian hilarity;" who is able to speak of a single insignificant denizen of the sea as a polycyttarian, periphyllæn, silikoskeletal radiolarian; and who can express the exact measure of his regard for a given person by referring to him as distinguished, noted, honorable, distingué, popular, genteel, well-bred, well-mannered, well-spoken, gentleman-like, civil, polite, polished, refined, thoroughbred, courtly, courteous, modish, stylish, jaunty, recherché, dashing, respectable, creditable, remarkable, notable, celebrated, refined, famous, far-famed, conspicuous, foremost, imperishable, deathless, immortal, time-honored, eminent, prominent, peerless, superior, preëminent, great, dignified, proud, noble, honorable, worshipful, lordly, grand, stately, august, princely, imposing, transcendent, majestic, sublime, heroic, heaven-born, or preterhuman, when he sees a gentleman drop his pocket-book, or unconsciously approaching danger, must be dumb, or bellow out: "Hi, there!" "Say, Mister!" "Look out, Boss!" "Hey, old Cove!" or else open communication with the diluted idiocism, "I beg your pardon."

W. R. Cochrane.

REPARTEE.

MISS RIVERSIDE. — Before I 'd be a Fauntleroy!
MR. WESTEND. — Before I 'd be my gran'marm!

A GEM OF THOUGHT.

"This war between the League and the Players is pretty sharp, eh?"

"Yes; a case of diamond cut diamond."

BUT NO BACHELOR'S DEGREE.

"To love her is liberal education."

"In belles lettres, I suppose."

AN EXCELLENT REASON.

BOLDER. — My dear, women make good housekeepers, but they are generally poor reasoners.

MRS. BOLDER *(who rules her household)*. — Well, there 's this about it, Bolder. Women, leastwise some women you and I know, ought to be good logicians; for, whether dealing with majors or minors, they have pretty generally sometimes always a tolerably complete mastery over the premises.

A POINT OF VIEW.

PAPA. — Mama, baby 's awfully cunning. Just watch him trying to put my eyes out.

(Pause, during which PAPA'S *sufferings are indescribable.)*

MAMA. — Bless his little soul!

GERMAN *VS.* ITALIAN OPERA.

I.—GERMAN OPERA.

SCENE.—*A bald-headed mountain with moss on its cheeks. Red fire squirting up through the cracks. Enter* SIEGFRIED WIENERSCHNITZEL, *with an E-flat tuba in his hand. He meets* WOTAN SAUERKRAUT, *an aged tramp in a blue flannel shawl.*

WOTAN.

Dot 's mein mountain,
(ORCHESTRA.—Kee-wheeoop!)
Don'd gone oop!
(ORCHESTRA — Z-z-z-ip, whan!)

SIEGFRIED.

Got oud of mein wayglein,
Du Dickbäuchige!
Du alt' Galgengeschicht!
(ORCHESTRA.—Whee-e-e-eep, ba-h-h!)
Du Giftverschreiber!
Skoot! Skat!
(ORCHESTRA.— B-r-r-r-r-ap too-oo-oo-oom!)

SIEGFRIED *knocks* WOTAN'S *spear into splinters, and climbs the mountain, playing Wagner's conception of "Climb up" on his tuba.* THE ORCHESTRA *remarks:* Wow wow! Tow-rowdle-de-dow-dow! Ki-i-oo-oh-oller-oller-berg-op-zoom-zim-bang-swish-de-schoot-pa-n-n-n-ng!

II.— ITALIAN OPERA.

SCENE.—*In the background, a Swiss mountain with a cardboard goat eating cotton grass off a chocolate nougat rock. In the middle distance, a section of a French garden with triangular trees and sand-papered turf. In the foreground on the left, a villa composed of a modern Italian doorway hitched to a Fourth Avenue brick house. Enter* IL CONTE DI LUNATIC. *He wears a red feather in his cap, and a long white cloak.*

(ORCHESTRA.— Tum tiddi um tum; tum tiddi um tum.)

IL CONTE.

Che adoro Leonora;
Leonora che adoro;
Leonora adoro;
Che adoro Leonora;
Che ador-ador-adoro;
Leonor-ohohonor — ohohonora! *(Exit.)*
(ORCHESTRA.— Timpi tim tim; timpi tim tim.)

Enter LEONORA *in satin and diamonds.*

Ah, Manrico!
Ah, Man-an-ri-ri-co!
Rico-Man-ah-Man!
Ah — Rico — ah — Ma-ha-ha-ha-ha-han!
Ri-i-i-hihi-hihi-hihi-co!

Enter MANRICO *in a blue domino and mask.*

(ORCHESTRA.—Pum tiddly umti tumti, pum tiddly ping.)
Che adoro Leonora, *et cetera.*

Enter IL CONTE DI LUNATIC.

Dat-a gal-a eez mia cara.

MANRICO *(pulling off mask).*

Non! She eez mia cara.

LEONORA.

O ciel! Orrore!

ALL THREE *(leaning far over the footlights).*

O Castoria,
Anchoria,
Galoria!
O furoria,
Lumpti dumpti-i-i-i-i
Di!

The two men retire up stage and fence mildly, one up and one down. LEONORA *picks out a clean spot, gathers up her worth gown, and lets herself down gently in a faint.* ORCHESTRA.—Pimitiddly-dee, pimitiddly-dee, tiddle liddle linki tirillilli lee.

Tricotrin.

FLOORED.

GOSLOW.—How did you strike such a monumental jag, Van?

VAN RUNT.—Girl from Chicago over 'n Sherry's cloak-room dared me to zhdrink her slipper full champagne.

SHOULD BE AS ADVERTISED.

MRS. PUNKIN *(at the circus).*—I dunno, Silas, about climbin' 'way up on them seats; they look pretty flimsy to me.

SILAS PUNKIN.—I guess they 're all right. Don't ye know what they said in the advertisements—secure seats.

HIS BUSINESS.

BRIDGET.—Here 's a letter for Mr. Starboarder that 's marked "In Haste." Shall we send it to him?

MRS. HAMONEG.—Why, no; let him hurry home after it!

SUCCESS DOES NOT so much depend on what a person does as in doing it at the right time. Edward Bellamy made him a fortune by "Looking Backward," while Lot's wife only made her salt.

NARROW ESCAPE OF A HOMELESS WANDERER.

LADY OF THE HOUSE *(to* IMPORTUNATE VAGABOND).—If you do not go away at once, I 'LL CALL MY HUSBAND! (VAGABOND *withdraws.)*

(HER HUSBAND.)

AS OTHERS SEE US.

MISS POESY.—You would never be an editor, would you, Lyric?

LYRIC VERSE.—Oh, no; but why do you ask?

MISS POESY.—They 're such a coarse, horrid, contemptible set of creatures. Do you know that just after we were engaged, I wrote to an editor, over an assumed name, of course, and asked him how I could best show my love for you.

LYRIC VERSE.—Well?

MISS POESY.—Well, the reply came out in the "Answers to Correspondents" column. He said I might tell my mother she need never show her face 'round our future home.

LYRIC VERSE.—Horrors!

MISS POESY.—And I might bestow my income unreservedly upon you, and take in sewing to supply my own necessities. Lyric, dear, *(with a rising sob,)* I used to have ambitions for you, and want you to lead a literary and intellectual life; but now I would rather you should be a butcher than an editor. There 's some refinement about butchering.

LYRIC VERSE *(with pent up emotion).*—That 's so!

NO LONGER A LOVER.

"I mourn for my lover," she said;
"None was there better than he."
"Ah, maiden, your lover is dead?
Not dead?" "No; married." "Whom?" "Me."

"A DIRE DISEASE AND DESPERATE TO CURE."

MAJOR CULPEPPER.—Doctor, I 'm knocked out; am feeling very poorly this morning.

DR. WYSE.—Take a pill, and follow it up with quinine.

MAJOR.—Oh, I never could endure blue mass.

DR.—Well, a dose of castor oil, then.

MAJOR.—Ugh! Impossible!

DR.—Hum! I don't know—Take a—take a good stiff julep—plenty of mint and whiskey.

MAJOR.—Any thing you say, Doctor; *any* thing you say! *(Rings the bell.)*

TURNING THEM AWAY.

"People were absolutely turned away from the doors last night."
"So I heard. They were your creditors, chiefly, I 'm told."

THE RUSSIAN EXILES are becoming so well advertised through the efforts of Mr. George Kennan, that some of them will be coming over as dime museum freaks, if the Czar will kindly give his consent to the establishing of such an infant industry.

WE SHOULD THINK that all the pleasure of belonging to the "400" would be marred by having one's wedding described as "swagger."

A PARADOX.

"A thousand congratulations, old fellow!" shouted his chum to the hero of a German student duel; "that was a glorious victory! How are you feeling?"

"Oh, I feel all cut up!" replied the champion.

A MODERN IAGO.

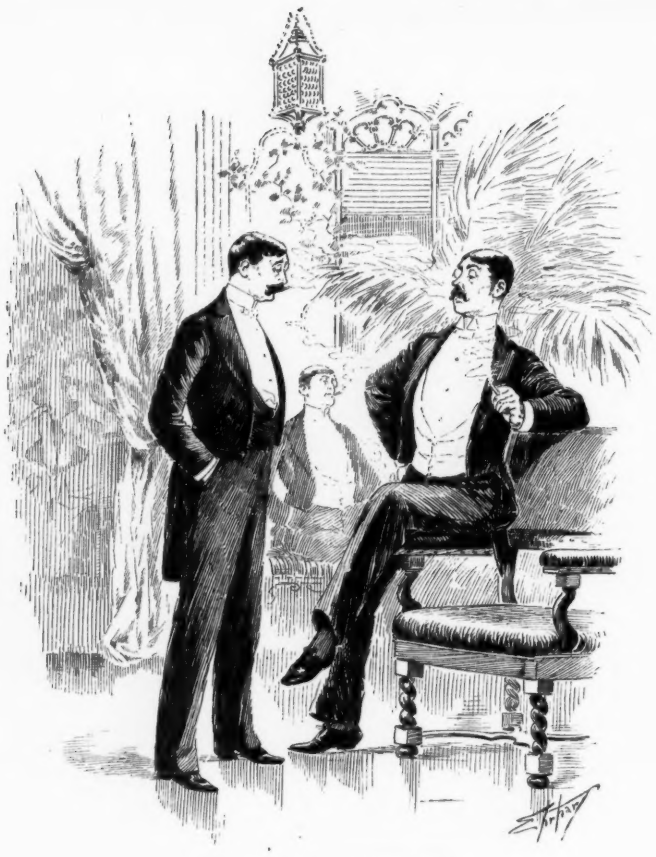
"I am another man since I was married!" exclaimed the happy Benedict.

"And does your wife love that other man?"

A TITLE OFTEN sells a book as easily as it buys an heiress.

DID N'T KNOW HERSELF.

MISS ALAMEDE.—How exquisitely delicious, Mr. Gates! How divine! I do so love music! I just adore every thing of a poetic nature! I am drawn completely out of myself; and could bask—Goodness! What a long queue that Chinaman has, Mr. Gates. Reaches almost to the ground!



THE REAL QUESTION.

JACK UPPERS.—Say, Scadds, could you lend me a hundred?
RUSSELL S. SCADDS.—That 's not the point, don't you know—could I lend it—but could I get it back?

A MORNING ON MOUNT OLYMPUS.

"YES," SAID HECTOR, carelessly, "I took up that stone, which the two strongest men of the day could not lift from the ground, and threw it without effort against the Greek wall, with such terrible force that the gates sprang from their hinges."

"Hinges break easily, Hec, when they are eaten through and through with rust," remarked Achilles, dryly; "and as for the stone, perhaps you are not aware that it was afterward weighed, and tipped the scale at exactly eleven pounds. Besides, I found it child's play to vanquish you myself. A seat a little further in the rear would best become you. Now, I do not wish to boast, but *I* made the whole world tremble, because I was invulnerable—"

"All except that little spot on your heel, Killy," interrupted Paris, "where I hit you with my arrow, you recollect. I always was a good shot with a bow."

"So was Philoctetes, Parry," said Agamemnon; "he winged you beautifully."

"That was a foul," replied Paris, warmly; "he dipped his arrow in the blood of the Hydra!"

"It would take all day to tell of the heroic deeds that *I* performed," broke in Theseus. "Why, when I started out for a day's killing, the way that men and dragons fled before me was a marvel to see!"

"Oh, pshaw, The.!" exclaimed Perseus; "old rheumatic Lycomedes threw you over into the sea with no trouble at all. Talking about heroism, you should have seen *me* when I rescued Andromeda from the monster. That *was* something to tell of!"

"Poor Perse," said Bellerophon, in a pitying voice; "what a victim he was!"

"What 's that?" asked Perseus, angrily; "*I* a victim?"

"That is what I said, Perse," replied Bellerophon. "It is high time for you to know how you were imposed upon in that matter. You see, Andromeda was getting along toward thirty years of age, and old Cepheus and Cassiopeia, her parents, had almost given up hope of her getting a husband, when they heard you were going to pass that way on a certain day. So they chained Andromeda to a rock—just laid the chain over her lap, you know—did n't rivet it. Then they fastened to the foot of the rock a monster that had been raised in their family from a cub, and taught to do tricks, and which had become so old and toothless that he could not hurt a fly. When Andromeda saw you coming, she told the poor old monster to roar, and she began to scream, herself, and you—ha! ha! ha!—you rescued her; after which you married her. Poor old Perse!"

"Ho, ho, ho!" roared Silenus, rousing himself. "Ganymede, bring another round of nectar, and charge it to Perseus!"

"Now, that I have pricked *that* bubble," said Bellerophon, with an air of satisfaction, "I will relate a really thrilling feat of my own, the conquest of the Chimæra."

"And after that," remarked Bacchus, reflectively, "you might tell us how the gad-fly stung Pegasus, and made him throw you off."

"I am aweary of you all," growled the deep voice of Hercules, as its owner shook himself, and sat erect. "What are all your puny feats to my labors? You shall hear how I captured the fire-vomiting horses of Diomedes, how I killed the triple-bodied Geryon, how I caught the stag of Diana, how I—"

"One moment, Hec," softly interrupted Jason. "Considering that we have already heard those twelve labors, and those five supplementary labors told about twelve thousand five hundred times, do you not think it nearly time to tell us something new? We want variety or even novelty—"

"*I* will give you novelty, *I* will give you variety," cried the voice of Mercury, who suddenly appeared among them. "What would you think of a Mortal who could vanquish each of you singly, or all of you together?"

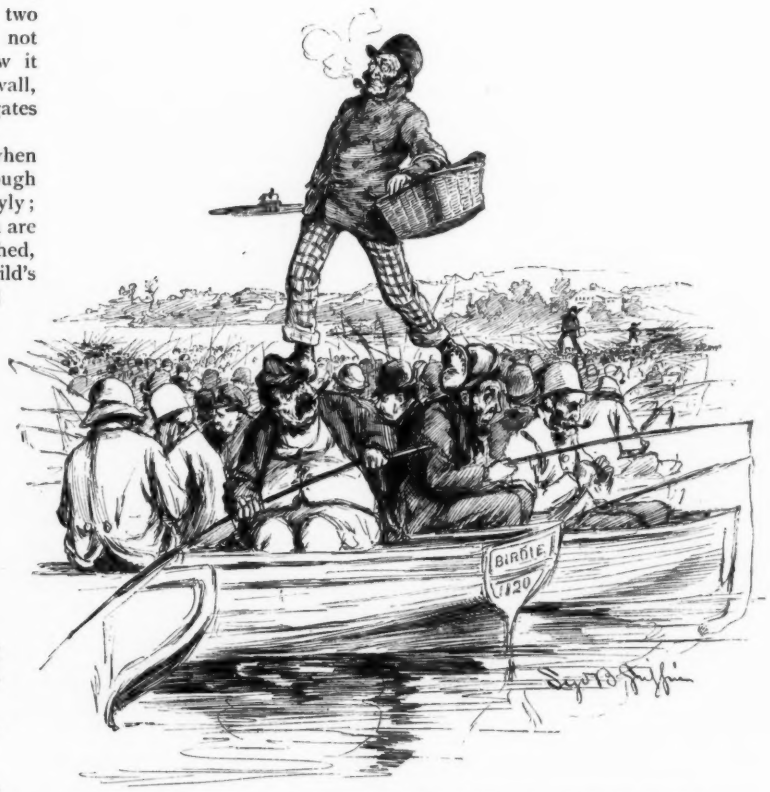
"A Mortal?" shouted the circle of the heros. "Away, you devil!"

"Look, then, vain boasters, and quail!" yelled Mercury, unrolling suddenly before their astonished eyes a large sheet of paper which he held. The gods gazed, but did not speak. Slowly they arose, and with bowed heads and downcast looks disappeared over the brow of an adjacent cloud.

Pictured upon the paper was the figure of a man, of a power and strength such as they never had dreamed of. Under the figure, in large letters, were the words:

SULLIVAN COMBINATION!!
AT TOWN HALL,
THIS EVENING AT 8.
JOHN L. SULLIVAN!!!
CHAMPION OF THE WORLD!!
will wind up with
PATSY CARDIFF
in a 3-ROUND CONTEST
FOR POINTS!!!

Frederick Burr Opper.



SUNDAY P. M. ON THE ROCKAWAY CINDER BEDS.

GERMAN CIGAR MAKER *(from the city)*.—Vy don'd you ged here in time, alreatty, unt nod disturb der resd ohf der fishermens?

WESTERN ODDITIES.

MR. HARLEM MOTTHAVEN *(in the far West)*.—You see a good many odd people out here, I suppose?

LARIAT LUKE.—Ya-as; you oughter see some o' these derned dudes from the East when they try to ride a hoss!

TO A CABLE INTERVIEWER.

AND DID you once see Stanley, plain,
And did he speak to you,
And hint in easy parables
What Wissmann meant to do?
How very nice it must have been
To hang upon his speech,
And push a pencil after it
Upon Brindisi's beach!
How pleasant, walking up and down,
All in the saline breeze,
To learn the Congo forest was
Stuck full of rubber trees,

And that to take and civilize
The Mahdi's pleasure grounds
Would not require much more at first
Than, say, £300,000,000!
I should have liked myself to hear
The bronzed explorer state
His views on Emin, careless of
The ruling cable rate,
And would have offered much to be
A correspondent who
Was given your amount of space
For such an interview.

What memories of Stanley Pool,
What flings at Tippoo T.,
What pleasant recollections of
That Bagamoyo spree!
I wish that I had been the one
To take a fresh cigar
Whenever H. M. S. harked back
Again to Zanzibar.
And don't I wish that I 'd been you
When, with the waning day,
Your cable sent, you went and drank
A health to Emin Bey!

THE DILEMMA.

OLD MR. SINGLETON.—Now, remember, my boy, don't let that young wife of yours get the upper hand. "Just as soon as a woman can manage a man she begins to despise him," you know.

YOUNG MR. DOUBLOON *(wearily)*.—Ye-e-es, I know; but just as soon as a woman finds she can't manage a man she begins to make it hot for him.

HE WAS A BELIEVER.

MRS. OMENS.—Do you believe in signs, Mr. D'Auber?

MR. D'AUBER.—Yes, indeed! I paint 'em.

SACRIFICE.

"No, Elnathan, I never can be yours."

"Elvira, darling, tell me why?"

"Elnathan, Elnathan, you eat your pie with a knife!"

"Elvira, sweetheart; if you will be mine, I *swear* that I will never more eat pie!"

"A BLASTED LIFE," as the Irish laborer remarked when he struck the dynamite cartridge in mistake.

WINE IS A MOCKER, and the labels that are put on it are too often a mockery.

THE McKINLEY ADDITIONS TO THE FREE LIST.

REJOICE, O Workingman! rejoice!
Our tariff friends will see
Though you pay taxes on your wool,
You get your acorns free.
Taxes on capes, and caps and furs,
And increased tax on fruits;
And yet rejoice! there is no tax
On dandelion roots.

The eggs laid down by pauper hens
From Denmark pay a fee;
But insects' eggs and fishes' eggs
Are landed, duty free.
Content yourself—there 's tax on tin,
From Cornwall shipped across,
But free of tax you may indulge
In ocean weeds and moss.

A higher price for cloaks and shoes
Our sewing women wear;
But olive oil, "unfit to eat,"
And "uncleaned human hair"
Are free; we pay an increased price
On covering for our backs;
But we get a host of nasty things
Without a cent of tax!

J. D. Miller.

A CITIZEN'S INTUITION.

UPTON *(looking up from the paper)*.—Another brutal police clubbing last night; an inoffensive citizen beaten nearly to death. I wonder if any thing will be done with that policeman?

DOWNTON.—Um, I dunno. What 's his name?

UPTON.—Schweitzerkase.

DOWNTON.—Oh, yes; he 'll be punished.

METAMORPHOSIS.

The Winter girl is packed away
In furs and camphor; let her stay!
For now, with firm yet soft insistance
The Summer girl shines down the distance.

M. S. B.

ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

"What did Mr. Wanamaker have these ugly stamps made for?"

"For something less than nice ones could be made for, of course."

THE TWELVE APOSTLES would have a hard time getting into a Fifth Avenue church unless they could make some arrangements with a tailor.

VERY ACCOMMODATING.

CUSTOMER *(to* YOUNG ISRAELITE*)*.—Are these gloves elastic?

ISRAELITE *(decisively)*.—Dese glofes vill do votever you vants 'm to do. If you vants 'em to str-r-retch dey vill str-r-retch, and if you don't vants 'm to str-r-retch dey vill dr-r-raw up an' fit close to de han'.

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. PUCK BLDG N.Y.

"LIGHTENING HI

TARIFF-REVISER MCKINLEY.—Well, we *have* had to add a few trifles; but see what we

TENING HIS LOAD."

fles; but see what we've taken *off* your back — you ought n't to complain of your burden *now!*

A SCENE FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

ALFRED THE GREAT AND THE BURNING CAKES.

THE THREE TASKS.

ONCE UPON a time there was a Boss who not only had a terrific pull in the lower wards, but could also depend upon a large swallow-tail vote in the merry month of November.

Now, it was the custom of this Boss to celebrate the annual feast of the Happinoojeers with much rejoicing, and with wine and beer to make glad the hearts of his constituents. And it happened that one year there came to his feast the son of a neighboring leader, who brought gifts from his father, and declared that the Boss should have the solid black-and-tan vote at his beck and call if he would only accede to his wishes.

"And what do you desire?" asked the Boss, thinking at once of his daughter, whose face was like the full moon.

"I wish to marry your daughter," said the young man; "we have met but twice — at the Summernight's festival of the Cassidy Coterie, and at the ball of the Chosen Ten — and yet we love one another dearly. Give your consent, and the Old Man will stand by you next Fall for all he is worth."

Then the great Boss grew pale, for he loved his daughter like the apple of his eye, and did not wish to part from her. But he knew well how to dissemble — he was a prominent member of Tammany Hall — so he said to the young man:

"My daughter has been enjoined by her fairy godmother not to give her hand in marriage to any man who can not perform three wonderful feats, which will be set for him, one after another."

By this stratagem the Boss hoped to gain time, and not offend the young man's father, whose influoence, south of Washington Square, was very great.

"Very well," answered the youth; "let me know what these feats are, and I will accomplish them."

"The first," said the Boss, "is to find a good ten-cent cigar."

And the young man went forth from his presence with a sorrowful heart, for he was a smoker himself. He made his way to the abode of a certain Sage, or Wise Man, of the East Side, to whom people went in cases of perplexity. And when the Sage had heard the young man's story, he uttered a magic incantation, for which he charged five dollars, and he bade him accompany him to a lonely beach near the city, and they remained there the whole day, watching for a steamer that was due from the West Indies with a precious cargo on board. And when night came, the steamer was seen approaching and they took a boat and rowed out so that she passed close to them; and as she passed, a man threw from the stern a black bundle which floated in the wake of the steamer. And the Sage drew it into the boat, and, removing its covering of rubber, brought forth an imported cigar, which he quickly sold to the young man for ten cents. And the young man smelt of it and felt of it, and then handed the Sage a quarter and asked for two more, crying at the same time:

"There is but one Allah, and Mahomet is his prophet! Marvelous are thy works of magic, O Sage!"

The next day the young man went to the Boss, and gave him one of the cigars, which had cost him but ten cents.

"But," demanded the Boss, "why can not every one purchase a good cigar for ten cents?"

"Because," retorted the young man, "you high-tariff statesmen won't let us."

He would have said more, but the Boss, who was a practical politician, and therefore not interested in such trivialities as an exorbitant tariff, changed the subject by remarking:

"Well, you have accomplished your first task, but you will find the second much more difficult. My daughter is quite a high-flyer in society this Winter, and has met a lot of noblemen and counts and dukes and one thing and another. Now, I was told there was a book called the Almanac de Gotham, with all their names in it, and how much dust they were getting. I got a copy, but it was in Dutch, and I could n't read it. Now, I want you to get me one that 's in English, and it 's got to have the name of every one of these French and Eyetalian counts and dukes that 's living in it, put down in black and white, and their income, too."

The young man shook his head sadly, and departed. He went at once to the Sage, and the next day he appeared before the Boss with several thick volumes in his hand.

"You 'll find them all here," he said, confidently; "but be very careful of these books, for I 've got to return them."

"What are they?" asked the Boss.

"They 're Delmonico's old pay-rolls. The only real Almanac de Gotham in existence."

And the Boss, who had often noticed the lordly bearing of the attendants in that famous establishment, was satisfied.

Then he addressed the young man saying: "There is yet one more task for you to perform and then you may claim my daughter's hand. It is not an easy feat as you may imagine, for I sat up all night devising it. You must find me a man who works underneath the ground, sits upon dead bodies, lives in a jail, and yet manages to devote several hours a day to the study of Latin and Greek."

"I guess I 've fixed him now for good," said the Boss, as the young man departed with a sorrowful countenance and slow step.

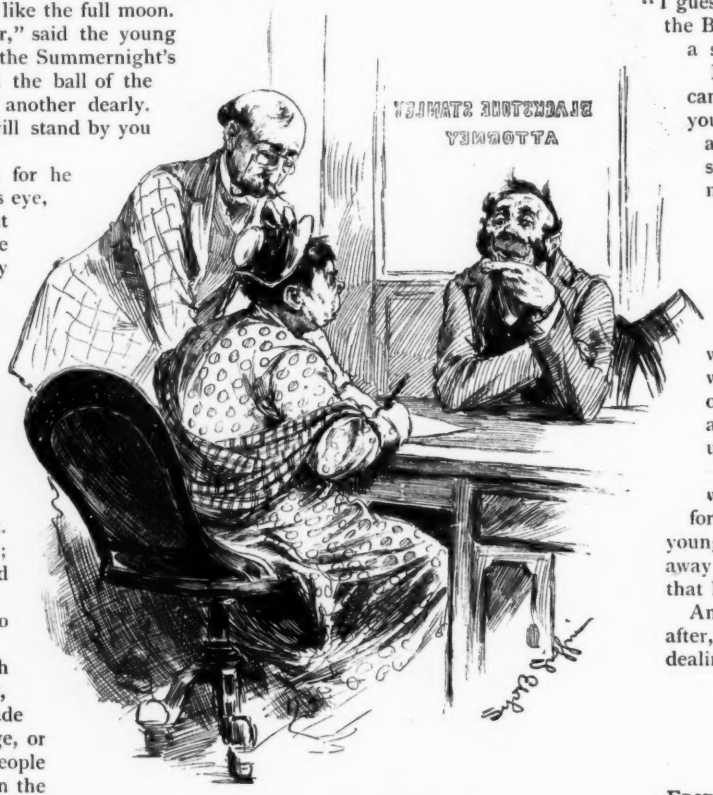
But the next morning when the Boss came down to breakfast he found the young man waiting for him in the hall; and he accosted him in a jovial fashion, saying: "Well, have you found that man yet?"

And the youth replied: "I have, in the person of your own son, for I am told by a soothsayer, that although he is a student at Columbia College he is down on the city pay-rolls as an assistant coroner, (in which capacity he sits on dead bodies,) works underground on the big pipes, is on the salary list at Ludlow Street jail as a cleaner, and yet manages to keep up with his studies."

And when the Boss heard these words, he bade his attendants prepare for the wedding, and stipulated with the young man that nothing was to be "given away" except the bride, and he would do that himself.

And the young man lived happily ever after, and amassed an enormous fortune by dealing in antique furniture.

J. L. Ford.



LAPSE OF MEMORY.

LAWYER STANLEY.— You 'll have to sign your maiden name to the document, Madam.

MRS. HOOLEY.—Be gorry, we 'se hov been married thot long Oi forget it. Pfwhat was it, Pat?

MR. HOOLEY.— Sure, Oi used t' be that attintive t' yure cousin Katie, Oi 'm forgettin' mesilf pfwhich one o' yez Oi' married.

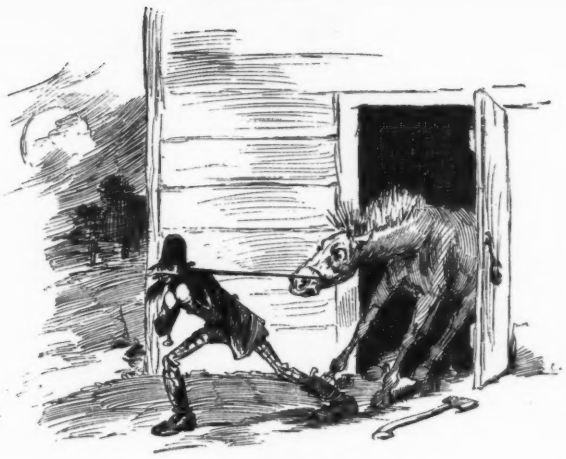
COMPULSORY BELIEF.

FRIEND. — Do you believe in Retribution?
AUTHOR.— N-y-es; to an extent.

NOT COMPLETE.

When "strikers resume work" their Partial Victory is printed in a good deal larger type than their partial failure.

COMPENSATION.



(Evening of the first day.)
BILL STEELE, *the Horse Thief.*

PHILOSOPHICAL.

"What are you going to do now?" asked Jack Happy of Billy Golucky, who had just dropped a cool thou. trying to bull the market.

"Grin and bear it," said Billy; "let me have five hun. till tomorrow."

SYLVESTER EXPLAINS.

"Dearest," said Miss Serena to her own and only, as they were coming home in the gloaming, "do give me your opinion on a literary question. Why does the young man in Bayard Taylor's poem protest that he will love his love *until* the leaves of the Judgement Book unfold? What is there in the unfolding of the leaves of the Judgement Book to prevent him from keeping right on loving her?"

"Very easily explained, my dear Serena," replied the youth. "The Judgement Book, of course, contains the history of his former flirtations, which, when read aloud to the assembled nations, makes the girl look so mad and disgusted that, naturally, he *can't* love her any more."

THE TIGER SPEAKS.

Investigation is vexation,
Impeachment is as bad;
Alban*ee* does trouble me,
Reform just drives me mad.

AND SILENCE CAME.

"Lige," remarked the President, as they started from the White House for a walk, "how far does Colonel Dudley live from here?"

"Five blocks," replied Colonel Halford, before he thought; and a great chunk of silence fell between them.

TOO MUCH FOR HIS PRIDE.

MRS. HAMONEG *(to* TRAMP*)*.—I have n't any money to spare, but I can give you an old silk hat.

TRAMP *(horrified)*.—What, Mum, when I 'm wearing no shirt-collar! Do you take me for an East-side politician?

THE PRESIDENT AND THE FAIR.

Putting it off till '93
Is to Ben a bitter pill:
As to the fair he won't be in it;
But as to the soup, he will.

AMEN.

The End of Women's Prayer — Men.

THERE 'S "MUSIC IN THE AIR," the director said, when the cornetist shied his "B-flat" at the trombonist.

MEET AND DRINK — Old Cronies.

CURSES LOUD AND DEEP — New York's Steam Pipes.

H. I. STRION.—Did you see my imitation of Booth?

C. WRITICK.—Yes, the deep damnation of your taking-off.

(Evening of the second day.)
BILL STEELE, *the Horse Thief, and the* INDEPENDENT ORDER OF WHITE CAPS.

"I WONDER WHY they call a pretty girl a belle?"

"Doubtless because she 's maid to ring."

"Ah! a tinkling symbol."

IT IS THE man who is losing ground by inches who becomes dissatisfied with his lot.

WHEN A MAN has had a leg or two broken to smash in a railroad disaster, it is only showing the proper spirit to rejoice at his recovery — of damages.

(Evening of the third day.)
BILL STEELE, *the Horse Thief.*

WE ARE a very democratic people, of course; but a titled American has only to come to her own home to be "Your Grace'd" to the limit of weariness.

CHASTE AS MORNING DEW — Cocktails.

THE DUDE who invented the straight-brimmed derby evidently tried to make all other people look as silly as himself.

"IN THE '400' AND OUT."
By C. Jay Taylor. For Sale by all Booksellers. Price, $1.00.

The name of SOHMER & Co. upon a piano is a guarantee of its excellence.

Fred. Brown's Ginger — ESTABLISHED 1822. PHILADELPHIA, PA. U.S.A.
READY RELIEF FOR CRAMPS & COLIC

DECKER BROTHERS' PIANOS
33 UNION SQUARE NEW YORK

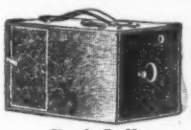
TO 55 JOHN ST. N.Y. SEND 2¢ FOR A SAMPLE OF COLGATE'S SHAVING SOAP.
For sample send 2 cts. box 645, New York.

FULL LEATHER TOP. DIRECT TO CONSUMER.

$75
Saving 25 to 40%
ROAD CARTS A SPECIALTY.
For full Illustrated Catalogue and COMPLETE HORSE BOOK, send six cts. in stamps.
PIONEER BUGGY CO. COLUMBUS, O.
892*

COOK'S Select Tours to EUROPE AND ROUND THE WORLD.
An illustrated pamphlet, describing fully the arrangements for our Eighteenth Season of Tours, now ready, and can be obtained on application.
THOS. COOK & SON, 261 & 1225 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

New VINEYARD BICYCLES
All steel, rubber tire
High grade — cowhorn bars, spade handles. Kirkpatrick saddle. Warranted one year.
50-in. worth $55, for $32 | 44-in. worth $40, for $22
48-in. worth $50, for $27 | 42-in. worth $35, for $20
46-in. worth $45, for $25 | 38-in. worth $30, for $17
CATA. FREE. Tangent spokes $1 extra. Easy payments. Agents wanted.
510 ROUSE, HAZARD & CO., 68 G Street, Peoria, Ill.

THE MONTAUK CAMERA

Size, 6 x 7 x 10.
Price, complete, covered in Seal Leather, $25.00.
A pleasant pastime for all. Unequaled for instantaneous photography. Views, portraits, groups, buildings. Send for Montauk Pamphlet.
C. GENNERT, Manufacturer,
No. 25 East 10th Street, New York.
*812

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

PIANOS

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists.
Warerooms: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

SOHMER & CO.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., 1318 Chestnut St.
CHICAGO, ILL., 236 State Street.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Union Club B'd'g.
KANSAS CITY, MO., 1123 Main Street.

THREE strikes put a man out at base-ball; but the man who makes three strikes at ten-pins does not feel put out a bit.—*Boston Com'l Bulletin.*

MISS YOUNG.—It is my father's wish that I should marry young.

MR. GRAY.—Ah, then, may I hope—

"Oh, my, no! you 're hardly young enough to suit Papa."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A STORM-SCENTER—The weather prophet.—*Exchange.*

IT is said that the dire predictions of the signal service have cheered up the unfortunate inhabitants of the lower Mississippi valley amazingly.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

THE HIGHEST AWARD OF A GOLD MEDAL

at the **PARIS EXPOSITION** was secured by the

REMINGTON

STANDARD TYPEWRITER,

which has been for FIFTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD,
and Embraces the Latest and Highest Achievements of Inventive Skill.

WYCKOFF, SEAMANS & BENEDICT, 327 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

"IT 's just 'so' with me," remarked the needle, as he heard the convict complain about doing the same thing every day.—*Prison Mirror.*

WHEN an editor lacks back-bone it must make him feel uncomfortable to have people refer to his "want column."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

A PHILOSOPHICAL ALIBI—The Non-existence of the ego.—*Boston Post.*

Angostura Bitters, endorsed by physicians and chemists for purity and wholesomeness. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, sole manufacturers. Ask your druggist.

871

FACIAL BLEMISHES

The largest Establishment in the World for the treatment of Hair and Scalp, Eczema, Moles, Warts, Superfluous Hair, Birthmarks, Moth, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Red Veins, Oily Skin, Acne, Pimples, Blackheads, Barber's Itch, Scars, Pittings, Powder Marks, Bleaching, Facial Development, etc. Send 10 cts. for 128-page book on all skin imperfections and their treatment.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, Dermatologist, 125 West 42d Street, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

P. S.—Use Woodbury's Facial Soap for the skin and scalp; for sale at all druggists, or by mail, 50 cents. 604

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXPOSITION, 1889.

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS. 315

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:

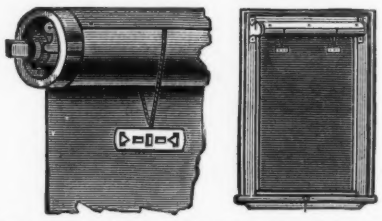
JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England. 649

A little accident which has occurred millions of times, and which happens now and then in every house.

THE

ANTI-KUM-OFF

Window Shade Fasteners prevent all such accidents.



Order them on all new shades They only cost a trifle.

Agents and House Canvassers Wanted in every city and town where the shade makers are not supplied. Thousands of families buy them for shades already up. For outfit and terms address

THE PATERSON NOVELTY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Sole Manufacturers, Paterson, N. J. 870

SET to Music—Songs of the Prize-ring.—*Prison Mirror.*

WILHELMSQUELLE

(BLUE LABEL)

KRONTHAL

(RED LABEL)

Natural Mineral Waters

From the famous springs of BAD KRONTHAL, TAUNUS, GERMANY. *Best of Table waters of great digestive qualities.* For sale by all leading groceries, liquor dealers and druggists.

GALWEY & FELDMANN, NEW YORK, SOLE AGENTS. 695

DORING

FOLDING BED.

The best and simplest in the market.
Largest assortment from $8.00 to $300. For sale ONLY at

59 W. 14th St., New York City.

Arnold, Constable & Co.

UPHOLSTERY GOODS.

TAPESTRIES, LAMPAS BROCATELLES, DRAPERY MATERIALS.

LACE CURTAINS.

Printed CRETONNES and other suitable fabrics for furnishing SEASIDE and COUNTRY HOUSES.

Broadway & 19th st. New York.

SANITAS

Non-Poisonous Disinfectants

FOR

INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, CATARRH, and DISEASES OF THE RESPIRATORY ORGANS, INHALE and FUMIGATE with "SANITAS" OIL.

It never fails.

AT DRUGGISTS.

For Reports by Medical and Chemical Experts, prices in bulk, &c., apply to the Factory, 636—642 West 55th St., N. Y. 675

Londonderry SPRING Lithia WATER

SPARKLING AND STILL.

FINEST TABLE WATER ON THE MARKET.

Used at all leading HOTELS and CLUBS.

Sold by first-class Grocers and Druggists.

Main Office, Nashua, N. H. New York, 323 Broadway.

Send for Pamphlet. 889*

BAY RUM. H. MICHELSEN, St. Thomas, West Indies, awarded 9 medals at leading Expositions. Ask your dealer for it. None genuine unless bearing my signature. *H. Michelsen*

Crosse & Blackwell's

FRESH FRUIT JAMS,

Made from English Fresh Fruits

AND REFINED SUGAR,

ARE SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

IN THE UNITED STATES. 62

CATARRH

COLDS COUGHS

SORE THROAT

SODEN MINERAL PASTILLES

An unfailing remedy. They prevent and cure COUGHS, BRONCHIAL CATARRH and THROAT irritations, mostly due to smoking. Always keep a box of Soden Mineral Pastilles in your house.

25c. and 50c. a box at druggists.
Pamphlets Free on Application.
Soden Mineral Springs Co., Limited,
15 Cedar st., New York.

CANDY

Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid*, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.

NEW KODAKS

"You presss the button, we do the rest."

Seven new Styles and Sizes
ALL LOADED WITH ***Transparent Films.***

For sale by all Photo. Stock Dealers.

THE EASTMAN COMPANY,
Send for Catalogue. *ROCHESTER, N. Y.*

THE EAGLE
THE EASIEST RUNNING BICYCLE IN THE WORLD.
☞Speed, Comfort and Safety.
AGENTS WANTED.
Large Illustrated Catalogue sent Free to any Address.
THE EAGLE BICYCLE MFG. CO.,
STAMFORD, CONN. 880*

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

MR. FLUSH.—Yes, I would lend you a couple of dollars if I knew you.

MR. DED BROCK.—Why, it was because you don't know me that I asked you. If you knew me you would n't lend it to me.

MR. FLUSH.—That 's an honest confession. Here it is. —*Boston Courier.*

30 cts. "PUCK'S OPPER BOOK." 30 cts.

MCCORMICK. — I want two poached eggs on toast.

WAITER. — Yes, sir.

"And be sure and have them fresh laid."

"Yes, sir; I 'll have 'em laid on the toast, sir." —*Yonkers Gazette.*

THE gladdest words of tongue or pen
Are winning tips from stablemen.—*Exchange.*

"IN THE '400' AND OUT."—PRICE, $1.

HE WANTED A DRUG STORE.

"Is there a drug store around here anywhere?"

"Yes, there is a place below where they sell cigars and soda water."

"I don't want cigars nor soda water, young feller. I want to look at a directory.—*Boston Courier.*

MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

☞ Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP. ☜

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains and Weakness speedily cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster.

Our Reputation is Established for Tasty Workmanship and Novel Ideas.

The Largest and Most Complete Stock of New Spring Woolens ever shown.

Suits to Order from $20.00.

Trousers to Order from $5.00.

145 & 147 Bowery, New York City, Nicoll the Tailor *and 771 Broadway, New York City.*

Samples and self-measurement rules mailed on application.

To some people revenge is sweet; and when they get their grip on the saccharine commodity they usually bite off more than they can chew.—*Hebron Herald.*

"Dashaway"

CAW'S "Dashaway" **PEN,**
A DOUBLE-FEED FOUNTAIN PEN That Never Fails.

CAW'S Black Fluid **INK,**
WRITES BLACK, STAYS BLACK. Does Not Corrode Pens.

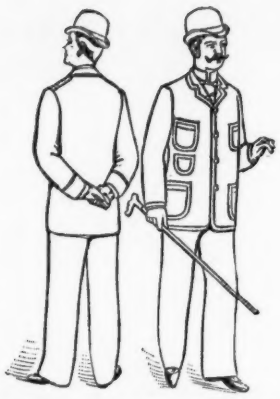
CAW'S "STYLOGRAPHIC" PEN.
Simplest, Cheapest and Best. A Perfect Substitute for Pen, Pencil and Ink-stand.
Inquire of any stationer, or send for particulars to
CAW'S INK & PEN COMPANY
157 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

"COLUMBIAS"
HIGHEST GRADE ONLY.
Catalogue Free.
POPE MFG. CO. 77 Franklin St., BOSTON.
BRANCH HOUSES: 12 Warren St., NEW YORK. 291 Wabash Ave., CHICAGO.

THE ONLY PRACTICAL LOW-PRICED **TYPEWRITER** $15

Catalogue free. Address Typewriter Department, **POPE MANUFACTURING CO.,** Boston, New York, Chicago.

CHOCOLATE MENIER
ASK FOR IT EVERYWHERE



PATCH-POCKET SACKS

ARE STYLISH FOR SPRING WEAR. WE HAVE A SPECIAL LINE OF MATERIAL SUITABLE FOR THIS STYLE OF GARMENTS.

WE RECOMMEND AN ARTISTIC LINE OF BROAD BROOK CHEVIOTS, FULL OF SILK, IN BROKEN PLAIDS AND CHECKS IN LIGHT AND DARK EFFECTS. ALSO AN ELEGANT LINE OF HAWTHORN CHEVIOTS, THIBETS, AND SEVERAL PATTERNS OF WIDE WALES, IN THESE BLACKS ARE PREFERRED.

SUITS TO ORDER - - - - $16
TROUSERS TO ORDER - - - 4

ONE GLANCE AT THESE GOODS WILL CONVINCE YOU THAT THREE TIMES THIS PRICE WOULD BE REASONABLE.

A WRITTEN GUARANTEE IS HANDED TO EVERY CUSTOMER, WARRANTING GARMENTS TO WEAR ONE YEAR WITHOUT A BREAK.

SAMPLES, FASHION REVIEW, TAPE MEASURE, AND OUR SIMPLE GUIDE FOR SELF-MEASUREMENT MAILED FREE ON APPLICATION. OUR MAIL-ORDER SYSTEM HAS PROVED A GREAT CONVENIENCE, WITH SATISFACTORY RESULTS.

ARNHEIM'S
Mammoth Tailoring Establishment,
BOWERY AND SPRING ST., NEW YORK.

AT COLUMBIA.

FIRST GILLIE.—Are you trying for the nine?

SECOND GILLIE.—No, my dear fellah, for the four hundred.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For *Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility* and *Wasting Diseases*, there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

Scott's Emulsion.

There are poor imitations. *Get the genuine.*

A Box of Safety Matches Free to Smokers of

TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

HENRY LINDENMEYR,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.
Nos. 15 & 17 BEEKMAN STREET. BRANCH, 31, 33, 35 & 37 EAST HOUSTON ST. } NEW YORK.

BOKER'S BITTERS
The Oldest and Best of All
STOMACH BITTERS,
AND AS FINE A CORDIAL AS EVER MADE.
To be had in Quarts and Pints.
L. FUNKE, JR., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor,
78 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

A RAPID IMPROVEMENT.

"Well, my son, do you belong to any of the college societies as yet?"

"No, father, but we formed a club at our table last week, and every one who swears or says any thing that could shock the most sensitive mind has to pay five cents every time."

"It pains me a little, my dear boy, to hear that any of your friends or even you, occasionally use such expressions but I am truly pleased that you are trying to entirely break yourselves of the habit."

"Yes, father, I think we will succeed in doing so, for it has only cost me two fifteen so far this week, and last week it was four twenty-five."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

5th Crop, PICKINGS FROM PUCK. 25c.

ANXIOUS TO UNLOAD.

STRANGER.—I represent an English syndicate, and am looking for investments.

CHICAGO MAN.—Glad to see you, sir. How would you like to buy a World's Fair?—*New York Weekly.*

MAKING the Good Fight—Whiskey.—*Prison Mirror.*

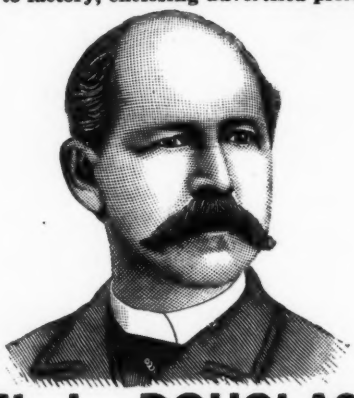
NOTICE TO BARBERS!

Barbers throughout the United States will find it to their interest to send their address to Box 3199, NEW YORK CITY.

ULLRICH'S FOUNTAIN PENS

are the best made. Hold ink for week's use. Price $1 50 and upwards. AGENTS WANTED. Circulars free.
J. C. ULLRICH & CO., 108 Liberty St., New York.

CAUTION Take no shoes unless W. L. Douglas' name and price are stamped on bottom. If your dealer can not supply you, send direct to factory, enclosing advertised price.



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Fine Calf Laced Grain and Creedmore Waterproof. Our claims for this Shoe over all other $3 Shoes:

It contains better material. It is more stylish, better fitting, and durable. It gives better general satisfaction. Its great success is due to merit. It can not be duplicated by any other manufacturer. It is the best in the world, and has a larger demand than any other $3 Shoe advertised.

$5,000 will be paid to any person who will prove the above statements to be untrue.

Also $5, $4, $3.50, $2.50, $2.25, $2 Shoes for Men; $2 and $1.75 Shoes for Boys. $3 and $2 Shoes for Ladies, and $1.75 Shoe for Misses. 817*
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.

BEECHAM'S PATENT PILLS. ST. HELENS LANCASHIRE

CHEAP, PAINLESS, EFFECTUAL.

"Worth a Guinea a Box"
But Sold by all Druggists at 25 cents.

A Wonderful Medicine
FOR ALL
Bilious AND Nervous Disorders
SUCH AS
Sick Headache, Constipation, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver, &c.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.
B. F. ALLEN CO., Sole Agents for United States, 365 & 367 Canal St., New York, who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price 25cts.—*but inquire first. Correspondents will please mention "Puck."*

THE cyclone is bad enough to make people thankful that there are no such things as bicyclones and tricyclones.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

CARDS NEW SAMPLE BOOK of Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, Gold, Silver and Tinted Edge Cards. The Finest ever offered for 2 cent stamp. NATIONAL CARD CO., SCIO, OHIO. 831

FREE SAMPLE CARDS. The Finest, Cheapest and Best. 1890 OUTFIT FREE, to all who will act as agent. Send stamp for postage. U. S. CARD COMPANY, CADIZ, OHIO. 834

Liebig COMPANY'S

J. v. Liebig

EXTRACT OF BEEF.

INCOMPARABLE IN FLAVOR

Use it for Beef Tea, Soups, Sauces, (Game, Fish, &c.) Aspic or Meat Jelly.

One pound of Extract of Beef equal to forty pounds of lean beef. **Genuine only with signature of J. von Liebig, as shown above, in blue.**

CRANDALL & CO.,

569 3d Ave.,

ESTABLISHED SINCE 1841.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Newest and best designs, from the largest stock in the world, to select from. All work warranted. Selected stock only used. Ask for the CRANDALL BABY CARRIAGE. Descriptive catalogues free. Goods shipped C. O. D. 901*

MOST COMPLEXION

Powders have a vulgar glare, but Pozzoni's is a true beautifier, whose effects are lasting.

HERE YOU HAVE IT.

SCENE I.

INDIGNANT CITIZENS *(to* MAYOR GRANT*)*.—We protest against the dives and gambling dens in our neighborhood.

MAYOR.—Your virtuous indignation is just. I will see that your protest is heeded. *(Exeunt* INDIGNANT, *etc., looking happy.)*

SCENE II.

VIRTUOUS MAYOR *(to* POLICE COMMISSIONERS*)*.—Indignant citizens protest against, etc., etc., in certain police precincts in this city. This evil must be abated.

COMMISSIONERS.—Can such things be? We can not believe it, yet we will give the matter our most careful consideration. *(Exeunt* COMMISSIONERS. MAYOR *looks satisfied.)*

SCENE III.

POLICE COMMISSIONERS *(to* CAPTAINS*)*.—Scandalous charges have been preferred against you relative to dives and gambling dens in your precincts. What have you to say?

CAPTAINS *(scandalized)*.—Nothing of the kind exists in our precincts. Every dive and den has been closed.

COMMISSIONERS.—As honorable men we accept the statement of honorable men. But keep your eyes open. *(Exeunt* CAPTAINS, *facial muscles twitching.)*

SCENE IV.

CAPTAINS *(holding up protests of* CITIZENS *in* CITIZENS' *faces contemptuously)*.—Hi, there! Don't you know wese run de bailiwick? We are de judges of our own offenses. See? *(Exeunt* CITIZENS, *dumbfounded, crestfallen, helpless.)*—*New York Press.*

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children Teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhœa. 25 cents a bottle.

WRIGHT & DITSON,

LARGEST MAKERS OF

FINE LAWN TENNIS GOODS

IN THE WORLD.

OUR SPECIALTIES.

CHAMPIONSHIP BALL. Adopted by every association of note in the UNITED STATES and CANADA. **RACKETS:** SEARS' SPECIAL, "CHASE," "PETTITT," "CLUB," "LONGWOOD," "PARK," "HUB," "SURPRISE," and "STAR." COLUMBIA and "DRY" Markers, Marking Tapes, Taylor's Poles and every requisite for the game. 901*

A Fine Line of Tennis Clothing.

(Send for Catalogue.) **580 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.**

"The Marquis"

A soft hat throughout, combining the Dressy appearance of the stiff hat, with all the comfort of the former. Made up in black, brown and a light color, on the order of a buff or tan.

Send postal for Order Blank, Prices, etc.

N. ESPENSCHEID, New York City, N.Y.

Established nearly half a century in the same locality.

A BETTER *FOUNTAIN PEN* THAN OURS CAN NOT BE MADE. MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFACTORY. For sale by Stationers, Jewelers and Fancy Goods Dealers.

$2.00 TO $5 50 EACH.

ASA L. SHIPMAN'S SONS, 10 Murray Street, New York.

$75.00 to $250.00 A MONTH can be made working for us. Persons preferred who can furnish a horse and give their whole time to the business. Spare moments may be profitably employed also. A few vacancies in towns and cities. B. F. JOHNSON & CO., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va. 855*

New "ACME" Rubber Tire BICYCLES

Factory Price.	Our Price.	Factory Price.	Our Price
52in. $60 00	$32 40	46in. $45 00	$24 30
50in. 55 00	29 70	44in. 40 00	21 60
48in. 50 00	27 00	42in. 35 00	18 90

Send for catalogue. ST. LOUIS, MO. **E. C. MEACHAM ARMS CO.** 836

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

PILES CURED!

Treatment FREE! Address with stamp, WILCOX SPECIFIC MEDICINE CO., Philadelphia, Pa. 905*

WHEN a girl elopes with her coachman, some other man is saved from getting a mighty poor wife.—*Buffalo Express.*

"IT rains on rich and poor alike," we are told, "but where does the umbrella come in?" asks PUCK. The umbrella does n't come in. When you come out you invariably find that it has left.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE Cleveland Presbytery has voted to repeal the doctrine of infant damnation. Is this retroactive?—*Ex.*

WEARING of the green—Playing billiards.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

THE burglar's method for getting into a safe is an open secret.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

ELK, Moose, Buffalo, Sheep, Deer and Antelope Heads, Entire Animals, Snowy Owls, Eagles, "Dead Game," Wild Bird Fire Screens, Fur Rugs, Sioux Relics. Send stamp for Photos and List. **J. D. ALLEN,** Taxidermist, MANDAN, N. D.

THIS PAPER IS PRINTED WITH INKS FROM

BERGER & WIRTH,

No. 190 William Street, New York.

LEIPZIG, GERMANY. LONDON, ENGLAND.

JAMES M. BELL & CO. Are Authorized by the Sunny Side Distilling Co. to be the only bottlers of PURE OLD "Sunny Side" ALL-RYE WHISKEY in the United States

OUR SIGNATURE APPEARS ON EVERY BOTTLE.

The Sunnyside Distg Co.

The Best Tonic for All Kidney Troubles.

SWAN GIN!

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND DEALERS.

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED FOR ITS DIURETIC PROPERTIES!

STOUT PEOPLE! WEIGHT REDUCED WITHOUT STARVATION DIET. Treatise & instruction for 6 stamps. E. LYNTON, 19 Park Place, New York. 891*

A. GOODRICH, lawyer, 124 Dearborn St., Chicago; 25 years' successful practice; advice free; no publicity; special facilities in many States. 902

EDEN MUSÉE

55 W. 23d STREET. OPEN FROM 11 TO 11; SUNDAYS 1 TO 11.

WAX TABLEAUX.—ART GALLERY.—ERDELYI NACZI'S HUNGARIAN ORCHESTRA.

The Great Austro-Hungarian Divertisement of Dancing, Club Swinging, Fencing, Tableaux Vivants,

BY A SELECT COMPANY OF 16 BEAUTIFUL LADIES.—Admission, 50 Cts. Children, 25 Cts.

THE idiom, "His name is mud," was first applied to Henry Clay when he got into the soup for the Presidency. —*Harvard Lampoon.*

STONE walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage;
That is, if bribes the wardens take
To cease espionage!—*Texas Siftings.*

THIS is the time of the year when a man enters his office in the morning, and is greatly pleased to find a huge pile of letters lying on his desk. He fancies they are just so many checks, and he smilingly removes his hat and coat, and proceeds to open the envelopes. Much to his horror, he does n't find a check in the lot. Each one is the circular of some Summer resort that has his address left over from last year. These circulars tell him how the places they represent have improved since last Summer. The man's disappointment at finding not even an order for any of his wares is soon smoothed over, however, as he reads the poetic and picturesque outlook, and sees the lakes bathed in all the delicate splendors of a dreamy twilight, with a moose standing at the water's edge under some silver-birches. He floats off in a day-dream, in which he hears plashing water-falls, the murmur of lisping brooks, the calls of wild-birds, and the shrill whistle of the steam-yacht. But he has to take it out in dreaming, if he is a member of the stay-at-home club. In that case, he can beat a White Mountain or Mt. Desert vacation all hollow by just staying in this city and providing himself with a copy of PICKINGS FROM PUCK, First, Second, Third, Fourth or Fifth Crop. Of all newsdealers. Price, twenty-five cents. Mailed to any address on receipt of thirty cents. The five "Crops" by mail to one address, $1.25.

"ANGELINA," said her mother, "why are you so dissatisfied? Is not life worth living?"

"Oh, I don't know, Ma. Just see how this skirt hangs." —*St. Joseph News.*

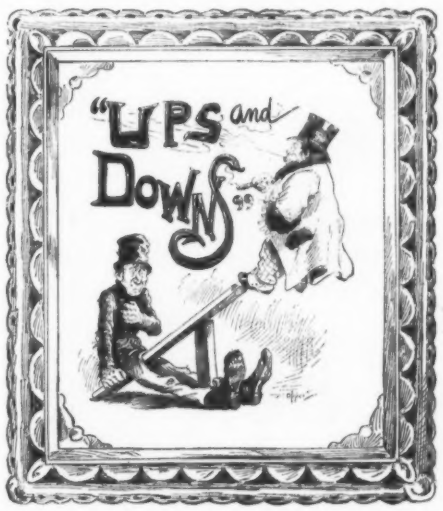
IN THE "400" AND OUT

PRICE PER COPY, ONE DOLLAR.

For sale by all Booksellers. By mail from the publishers on receipt of price

Address, THE PUBLISHERS OF PUCK.

PUCK'S LIBRARY NO. 34.



BEING PUCK'S BEST THINGS ABOUT LIFE, LUCK AND LUCRE.

1690.—The watchmen were underpaid and humble.

1890.—We pay our policemen so well that they can live in their own brownstone houses.

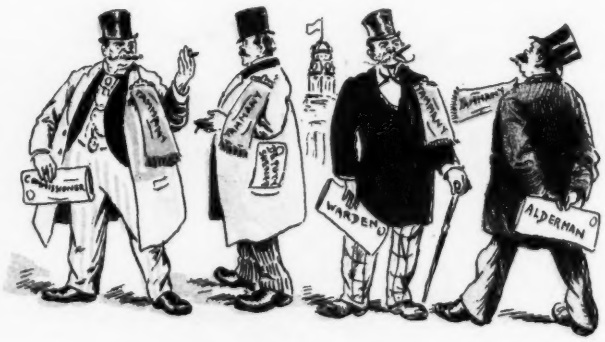
1690.—Their confidence men were crude and clumsy.

1890.—Our confidence men are elegant and artistic.

1690.—Their morning publications were tame and uninteresting.

1890 — Ours are lively and exciting.

1690.—Men who organized for jobbery and plunder were dealt with in the above harsh and unsympathetic manner.



1890.—We are more merciful:—we give them offices, in hopes that they will reform.

1690.—The misguided people amused themselves as they pleased.

1890.—Thank goodness, we manage these things better now!

NEW YORK'S WONDERFUL IMPROVEMENT, 1690—1890.